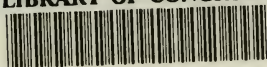


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LITERARY REMAINS

OF

JOHN LEADBEATER, Jr.

THYSELF REMOVED—THY POWER TO SOOTH ME LEFT.

PHILADELPHIA :

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PART I.

Devotional and Didactic.

WILL NOT JEHOVAH'S ANGER CEASE.

Will not Jehovah's anger cease,
Nor vengeance leave His arm,
Refusing e'er to whisper peace,
Where sin has caused alarm?
Can He relentlessly pursue,
Through life's eventful course,
The sinful soul that strives to do
His will, in sad remorse?

Or will the Great Almighty God
Not hear the sinner's prayer,
Withholding Jesus' cleansing blood,
From one that pleads to share;
And then forever close His ear
To a weak mortal's cry,
When he shall think that pardon's near,
Forsake in woe to die?

A father's heart is sadly riven,
To soothe his offspring's fears;
When it doth crave to be forgiven,
With sorrow's bitter tears.

And shall a sinful mortal boast
 Of mercy more than He,
 Who knoweth what a soul hath cost,
 From Satan's power to free ?

It cannot be ; God's mercy's great,
 Beyond all human thought,
 He mourns the sinner's hapless fate,
 A Saviour's blood hath bought.
 And will not execute His wrath,
 If we but ask His grace,
 He'll guide us into virtue's path
 And show a smiling face.

THE BLIND GIRL.

They tell me oft what a lovely thing
 Is the Sun with golden rays ;
 It light and warmth to the world doth bring,
 Dividing its nights and days.
 Happy are they who have eyes to see
 Such usefulness combined ;
 But this bliss can never come to me,
 For I am blind, I am blind.

They tell me the Moon is silver bright,
 And floats in an azure sky ;
 That o'er earth and sea it sheds its light
 When the Sun has passed by.
 What blessings are given to those that see
 God's goodness thus defined ;
 Blessings that ne'er will be known by me,
 For I am blind, I am blind.

They tell me the stars like diamonds are
 Placed in a field of blue,
 And sparkling too; when the night is fair,
 A beautiful scene to view.
 Oh ! what love should dwell in hearts that see
 To Him who them designed,
 Such feelings I have, they are dear to me,
 For I am blind, I am blind.

I hear them tell of fields that are green,
 And of flowers bright and gay ;
 But I know not what it is they mean,
 Although I can hear them say.
 How blest are those who these beauties see,
 And therein true pleasure find,
 Which ever must be denied to me,
 For I am blind, I am blind.

What joy it doth my heart afford,
 To hear my mother's voice ;
 For she speaks to me some kindly word,
 Tho' sad, I can then rejoice !
 But what her form or her face must be,
 Is impressed upon my mind,
 'Tis only thus, I'm allowed to see,
 For I am blind, I am blind.

Oh ! I will not grieve, I will not grieve,
 For the things I cannot see ;
 Tho' my friends by death are called to leave,
 I shall ne'er forsaken be.
 When the Sun and Moon and Stars shall set,
 My God will then be kind ;
 In His land of flowers I shall forget
 That I was ever blind !

THE STORM KING.

The Storm King in his chariot has gone,
 To ride where the billows roll free,
 And the north wind is uttering its moan,
 As it sweeps o'er the raging sea ;
 Onward he goes in his wild career,
 Revelling in his boundless sway,
 And the noblest heart ne'er blanch'd by fear,
 With youth and age must pass away.

See that frail bark first heaving in view,
 All shattered and torn by his power,
 Before the mad blast in vain she has flew,
 From his wrath in that desolate hour ;
 List ! to that cry o'er the waters dark,
 She has sank 'neath the angry wave,
 And the spot there is no one mark,
 Where they rest in their ocean grave.

Still he drives on with bosom of steel,
 Tears nor sighs, his pity e'er moved,
 And he heeds not the anguish they feel,
 Who are waiting for those beloved.
 Like the storm's light scud the years go by,
 And still in his might he doth reign,
 While friendship mourns with heart-broken cry
 For loved ones, that come not again.

"THE DEMON OF THE 'STILL."

Impelled by Satan's stern decree,
 I from his regions come ;
 Domestic joys before me flee,
 Far from the happy home ;

A father falls beneath my ire,
 Heedless of all that's dear,
 A prey to my consuming fire,
 Without remorse or tear.

I come to break the loving heart
 Of the confiding wife,
 And while I act my hellish part,
 Destroy the bliss of life !
 Their offspring too must feel my power,
 Their destinies I mark,
 Clouds of sadness round them lower,
 And prospects drear and dark.

I cannot spare the "only son,"
 Nor yet the widow's stay,
 The staff which she relied upon,
 For life's declining day ;
 I care not for that holy love
 A sister's breast doth fill,
 And boast that pity ne'er could move
 The "Demon of the 'still."

I smile to see the drunkard die,
 On him my work is done,
 Then onwards o'er the earth I fly,
 To seek some other one ;
 A gloomy messenger of woe,
 Doing my master's will,
 And when I strike the fatal blow,
 'Tis mine the soul to kill.

Intemperance ! is the name I bear,
 Within grave-yards I tread,
 Gathering for my trophies rare,
 The tears that orphans shed ;

My banner's floating on the breeze,
 Inscribed thereon, is "Rum,"
 The tomb obeys my sad decrees,
 Enrolling all who come.

Let those that would my power defy
 Scorn the poisoned bowl,
 Nor to my haunts e'er wander nigh,
 For there I hold control !
 The glass ne'er raise unto their lip,
 Its baneful taste to know,
 For few that at my fountain sip
 Escape from Death and Wo.

THE SAILOR—HIS HOME AND FRIEND.

The Sailor's path is on the deep,
 Amidst the howling storm ;
 And few the joys that he doth reap,
 His grateful heart to warm.
 Behold him when the waves run high,
 The ship in anger tost ;
 The last to fear the danger nigh,
 Till hope itself is lost ;
 And 'mid the lightning's vivid flash,
 The thunder's awful frown,
 He meets the breaker's dreadful crash,
 And with the wreck goes down.

Or clinging to the shattered mast,
 Drenched with ocean's spray ;
 His prayers are borne upon the blast,
 For loved ones far away.
 In sunny clime, on frozen shore,
 You'll find him still the same :

He "mans the deck," his blood to pour,
 To shield his country's fame;
 Cast forth upon the sea of life,
 Without a hand to guide;
 The victim oft of wrong and strife,
 While struggling with its tide.

A kindly heart reigns in his breast,
 No selfishness is there;
 The friend of all, and those distressed,
 His scanty store can share;
 Hard are his hands, and so his lot,
 With few to care or feel;
 He seems to be almost forgot,
 While "running off his reel."
 Shall not for him some bosom swell,
 And from their bounty spare,
 'Mongst those on land who safely dwell,
 Secure from every snare?

Thank God! there yet are hearts that feel,
 And who on bended knee,
 Daily before Jehovah kneel
 For those who range the sea;
 They've reared for him a peaceful home,
 Where virtue doth abide;
 And bid the Sailor thither come,
 Within its portals wide;
 Vice dare not raise therein its head,
 And land-sharks are not seen;
 Nor avarice, with his guilty tread,
 Rob with treacherous mien.

A temple to the Saviour's name
 Is in the harbor moor'd:
 Where Religion freely doth proclaim
 The pains for him endured.

Then Sailor come, our aid we give,
 And leave the ways of sin;
 In another world your soul must live,
 And soon will be therein.
 Come seek the Sailor's Friend on high,
 While o'er the deep you roam;
 And when or where, you're called to die,
 "Heav'n will be your Home."

CHOLERA.

I come! I come! with outstretched arm,
 To scourge the tribes of earth;
 Filling all hearts with dread alarm,
 Of mean or noble birth.
 Despair attends my gloomy path,
 Sorrow is in my train,
 I come to execute His wrath,
 Who never spake in vain.

My breast is clad in coat of steel,
 'Gainst youth in all its bloom,
 For age I neither care nor feel,
 Both must enrich the tomb:
 The destroying angel of the Lord,
 A gleaner for the grave;
 And well I wield the avenging sword
 O'er freemen, serf, and slave.

Affection with her plaintive voice
 Mourns in convulsive throes,
 While I, alone unmoved rejoice
 Where misery's current flows.

Death follows on with sable wing
 To do my stern command,
 Tears and sighs to the wind I fling,
 As I desolate the land.

I heed not all the works of man
 To stay my onward flight,
 Tyrants and despots too may plan
 Against Jehovah's might.
 I have a mission to fulfil,
 And like the glorious sun
 I shall not cease to do His will
 Till He shall say 'Tis done.

FATHER, FORGIVE THEM.

"Father forgive them," the Saviour cries,
 "For they know not what they do ;"
 Oh ! do not their sinful souls despise,
 But let them share thy mercy too ;
 He bows His head—but ere He died
 The work of love He did fulfil,
 And with expiring gasp He cried,
 " 'Tis done—my Father's heavenly will."

What love was this—yea wondrous love !
 Shedding its influence far and wide,
 And in the glittering courts above,
 A Saviour lived—when Jesus died.
 Let old and young obey His voice,
 Forsake each sin and evil way,
 Their souls redeemed will then rejoice,
 Where joy will never fade away.

WINTER'S WARBLERS

Welcome, ye little feathery ones,
Heedless of winter's snows,
Unlike the sunshine friend that shuns,
When troubles stream o'erflows.
Sprightly ye fly from spray to spray,
A happy, ceaseless throng,
My griefs and sorrows fade away,
While listening to your song.

Cheering the dreary winter days,
Good tidings too you bring,
That we again shall hear your lays,
Hailing the new born spring.
Nature restored again shall wake
Enrobed in living green,
The streams their icy fetters break
From gushing founts unseen.

Then hover near my humble cot,
No danger need you fear,
Kindness shall ever be your lot,
While you are tarrying here.
Soothing my many painful hours
Like angels from on high,
Ere long will bloom the early flowers,
To glad your sparkling eye.

'Tis thus in all the ways of life,
We need some steadfast friend,
To counsel in the hour of strife,
And joy with joy to blend.
Where'er we look, where'er we go,
Injustice meets our view,
It cheers the drooping heart to know
A friend, to friendship true.

MOTHER.

Mother ! words cannot speak her fame,
 Nor can her worth be sung,
 The blessings due that hallow'd name
 Are themes for every tongue ;
 'Tis cherished in life's early dawn,
 When all is fair and gay,
 Ere yet the heart hath felt a thorn
 Or clouds obscured our way.

Manhood, in grace and form sublime,
 Will earth's sad trials brave,
 And deem it neither weak nor crime
 A mother's love to crave.
 The miser leaves " his golden god,"
 On which his soul doth rest,
 To shed a tear upon the sod
 That wraps his mother's breast.

The savage, in the dark-wood glen,
 Will dare the field of strife ;
 And shun the busy haunts of men
 For her that gave him life.
 The outcast, when by guilt opprest,
 Doth tears of anguish shed,
 And think of that fond mother's breast
 Where oft has lain his head.

The Saviour bore the sins and woes
 Of man, his erring brother,
 And spoke while suffering mortal throes,
 " Son, behold thy mother !"
 Mother ! thy power on earth is shown,
 Exceeding far all other,
 His dying words this truth made known,
 Love God and thy Mother.

WHAT AM I?

When e'er I upwards cast mine eyes
 And look upon the sun,
 My thoughts at once to Thee arise,
 Thou Great and Holy One.
 When I behold the cold pale moon,
 That floats in ether's space,
 I think of that eternal noon
 Which night cannot deface.

When I look upon each shining star,
 That twinkles in the sky,
 I think of Thee, that dwellest far
 Beyond their light on high.
 When I muse upon thy world below,
 The flower and forest tree,
 I feel my heart doth o'erflow
 With awe and love to Thee.

But what am I? a helpless worm,
 An atom, Thou hast made
 The sport of sunshine and of storm,
 Dependent on thy aid.
 At last, like autumn's leaf to fall
 And moulder on the sod,
 Until the final trumpet's call,
 Then wake to meet my God.

 PRAYER FOR THE POOR.

Oh! Heavenly Father, God of Love,
 Look down in pity from above;
 Behold the poor in anguish sigh,
 While sorrow's tears bedew each eye!

Touch the hearts of pampered wealth,
 As they enjoy the gifts of health,
 Incline their souls a mite to throw,
 To ease a suffering brother's woe.

The lonely widow to Thee kneels,
 And for her little ones appeals ;
 And as she humbly craves thy care,
 Oh, hearken to the heart's sad prayer,
 When by the world they are forgot
 Oh, smile upon their hapless lot ;
 With faith thy promises they read,
 And claim Thee for a friend indeed.

When sickness with her pallid wand,
 Beside their painful couch shall stand,
 Oh, then but speak the healing word,
 And rosy health is soon restored ;
 Whilst gliding down the "stream of life,"
 Oh, keep each bosom free from strife,
 And when "Old Time" no more shall be,
 Then give their souls a place with thee.

THE BLUE BIRD.

Once more ye come in coat of blue,
 To greet the new-born Spring,
 As o'er the fields with emerald hue,
 She doth her mantle fling ;
 Your cheering notes delight mine ear,
 Also your loving mien,
 Tho' many an eye hath shed a tear
 Since last that you was seen.

Yet they will smile at your return,
 Tho' they can ne'er forget
 The ashes of the funeral urn
 Of friends that oft had met—
 The flowers will bloom with beauty bright,
 The trees their foliage spread,
 And Winter take his southern flight,
 Those sunny climes to tread.

Let your abode be near my home,
 With your endearing mate,
 There's fields of green where you can roam,
 Your bosoms to elate.
 And with your sweet enchanting song,
 The passing hours employ,
 Then pleasant thoughts my heart will throng,
 Filling my breast with joy.

Secure from all who would you harm,
 None shall your home molest,
 And when you've form'd it neat and warm,
 There you may safely rest.
 You shall my utmost kindness share,
 So shall your little brood,
 And joined with your unceasing care,
 Will each be doing good.

And when at last you have to leave,
 With those that you have reared;
 I cannot say I shall not grieve,
 For yet my heart's unseared;
 But I will hope, and not in vain,
 Your fellowship to earn,
 That when the spring returns again,
 You, also, will return.

TO THE MOURNER.

Mourner, why dost thou sigh and weep,
 Hast thou no hope thy heart to cheer ?
 Trust Him, whose eye doth never sleep,
 And let His spirit calm thy fear ;
 Perhaps a dear and much-loved friend
 Hath passed unto an early doom ;
 If so, thy weeping will not tend
 To lure him from the silent tomb.

Let not thy aching heart repine ;
 He's left a world of care and woe,
 And now His light in Heaven doth shine,
 Sorrow and pain no more to know.
 Thy father may have closed his eyes,
 Or mother breathed her parting breath,
 A brother left thee for the skies,
 Or sister passed the realms of death.

Thy loss is great, but great their gain,
 They've gone to Him they loved on earth,
 In peace they evermore will reign,
 And share the bliss of heavenly birth.
 There friends will meet to part no more,
 Parents with children shall rejoice ;
 High their melodius strains will soar,
 Combined with angels' harp and voice.

Then weep no more, wipe from thine eye,
 The tears for sweet affection shed,
 And lean on One that's ever nigh
 To raise the drooping mourner's head ;
 Let His bright rays illumine thy breast,
 The cross thy trust and refuge be,
 And strive to gain that blissful rest
 That He's laid up in Heaven for thee.

IN THEE, OH LORD, WE TRUST.

Dear Lord, we humbly look to thee,
 Our only hope and shield,
 Thou art our help upon the sea,
 The mountain and the field ;
 'Tis Thou alone, Jehovah Lord,
 On whom we all depend—
 In Thee, and in Thy Holy Word,
 We find the truest friend.

In mercy, Lord, look down in love
 On we thy creatures here,
 And lift our heart to Thee above,
 And thus our bosoms cheer ;
 Oh ! wilt Thou grant that we may each
 Thy choicest blessings share,
 Our wavering hearts to serve Thee teach,
 As we life's burdens bear.

And oh ! what e'er may be our lot,
 Keep us within Thy hand—
 The sparrows Thou hast ne'er forgot,
 They're fed by thy command ;
 And should we ever leave thy fold,
 To tread the paths of sin,
 Oh save us from the " Tempter's " hold,
 And once more bring us in.

Thou hast no pleasure in our death,
 As prodigals we'll return,
 And gratitude shall employ our breath,
 As we thy goodness learn ;
 And when we are called to leave
 'This world of sin and woe,
 We will not for one moment grieve,
 For 'tis to thee we go.

THE MARINER'S FLOATING CHAPEL.

All hail ! the noble " Ark of peace,"
 Now floating on the tide ;
 Within whose walls those joys increase,
 That ever shall abide,
 A refuge safe from sin and wo,
 A " beacon" for the soul ;
 Safely the sailor there may go,
 When sin's dark billows roll.

There let the weary sailor come,
 Its " gangway's" open wide ;
 Nor fear the angry ocean's foam,
 Secure he there can ride.
 Jesus, the Saviour, has command,
 His flag's now raised on high,
 Upon its deck behold Him stand,
 Hailing each passer by,

Then, sailor, leave the sinful track,
 That leads to dangers dark ;
 Before life's current sets aback,
 Come put about thy bark.
 Life's stormy voyage soon must cease,
 Thy " hull" be cast ashore,
 Engage on board the " Ark of peace,"
 A berth for evermore,

 THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

Oh fly to the land of the blest,
 Where the glories of God are disclosing ;
 There the soul from its burden has rest,
 Forever in pleasure reposing.

Oh fly to the realms of light,
 Where the seraph and cherubim roam;
 There the day is eternal and bright,
 And the ransomed are blest with a home.

Oh fly to the mansions of love,
 To the pure running waters of life;
 Where mortals and angels in unity move,
 Free from death, from envy, or strife.

Then fly to the home of our God,
 Far, far in the heavens above,
 'Twas bought with a Saviour's blood,
 And alone is the gift of his love.

LINES.

Oh Heavenly Father, we profess
 To trust alone in thee;
 Our lives thou hast not ceased to bless,
 Since we began to be.

Our dearest Friend, to whom we come
 For grace thy laws to keep;
 And through our hearts the thought will roam,
 Our Saviour does not sleep.

Thou sendest aid when we are tossed
 Upon tempestuous sea,
 And when we think that all is lost,
 We trembling turn to thee.

We upwards look, for there we know
 Thou hast thy dwelling place,
 And blessings to our bosoms flow,
 To aid us in the race.

ON WILLIAM McCALLA.

"Father forgive," breathed but in silent prayer,
 Just as life's golden chord was riven,
 Has gained on high a pardon there,
 And Jesus spake—"all sins forgiven."

Oh sorrow not, he is not lost,
 Jehovah ne'er doth wantonly destroy ;
 He knew the anguish it would cost,
 Before he called thy noble boy.

This is a world of grief and sin,
 Where youth is oftentimes led astray,
 And snares are set their souls to win—
 From *these*, He took thy "Will" away.

Life's short—yea to its longest span,
 Death follows on with stealthy pace,
 And soon our earthly race is run,
 That brings us to our Maker's face.

Then struggle on as strangers here,
 Trusting alone your Saviour's love
 And you will meet your children dear,
 In Heaven's eternal courts above.

 LINES.

"And in my name shall the Gentiles trust,"
 So said the Lord of Heaven,
 For that alone can make thee just,
 Or cause thy sins to be forgiven.

'There is no other name whereby
 Man can be saved from pain and wo,
 Ordained within the courts on high
 God's love to man to show.

So take His yoke and meekly wear,
 You'll find it light and easy borne,
 T'will not be more than thou canst bear
 For saints and martyrs have it worn.

And never fail to love that name
 In which the world is blest,
 With it is neither sin nor shame,
 And gives the weary wanderer rest.

THE REWARD OF THE FAITHFUL

It is not those with radiant health,
 Who sport in pleasures train,
 Enjoying all the gifts that wealth
 From every clime can gain ;
 'Tis not for those alone to share
 Jehovah's love supreme,
 Although their lives are free from care,
 As childhood's happy dream.

Their erring hearts, lured by deceit,
 Both prayer and praise exclude,
 Their Maker's kindness too, they greet,
 With base ingratitude.
 With eager steps they tread the road
 That leads to sin and wo,
 Gathering up a fearful load
 To aid their overthrow.

But there are those bow'd down with pain,
 Who grief and anguish feel,
 That ne'er in thought or word complain
 'Midst sorrows sad and real;
 Tho' want, with her cold icy hand,
 Doth on their efforts frown,
 Still they obey their Lord's command,
 To strive, and gain the crown.

Hope cheers them on, when sore distress
 Their Faith cannot be moved;
 Guilt rankles not within their breast,
 While serving their beloved.
 The Saviour from his throne on high,
 Who claims them for His own,
 In pity hears the suppliant's cry:
 Good Lord, Thy will be done.

His angels to the Christian fly
 Where'er on earth he roves;
 In danger they are ever nigh
 Protecting those He loves.
 He'll give them friends while here below,
 At death a home above,
 Where they shall all his glory know
 And share his endless love.

LOVELY WOMAN.

When cares like a wreath encircle our brows,
 And sorrows dark mantle's around us,
 Who comes like a heavenly cherub and throws
 The sunbeams of joy to arouse us;
 Who comes with soft pity to tender relief,
 And craves with tears to partake of our grief?

'Tis woman, dear lovely woman appears,
 The rainbow of bliss to our hearts,
 Hope dispels all our clouds and our fears,
 She smiles and our sadness departs,
 All our doubts quick vanish away
 Like dew before the bright orb of day.

Then long let us cherish and love her,
 Like the dove she'll true gratitude yield;
 In the hour of danger protect her,
 From the frowns of the world be her shield;
 Her heart will with tenderness move,
 And while she exists will continue to love.

And when the ills of life overtake us,
 Or we are toss'd on adversity's wave,
 She will fly to our rescue, to aid us,
 And triumph or perish to save;
 She is our solace in sickness and pain
 First at our pillow and last to remain.

She will point to that haven above,
 While benevolence beams from her eyes
 Her lips respond with the accents of love,
 And e'er she forsakes us she dies;
 All danger she's willing to brave
 Nor shrinks tho' it lead to the grave.

THE SOLDIER.

When wars alarms o'erspread the land,
 And carnage stalks in dread array,
 Columbia's sons will nobly stand
 With hearts of steel, to meet the fray.

The Soldier sees his hearth assailed,
 His children and his wife in tears,
 That heart that ne'er in danger quailed,
 Not then will shrink with selfish fears.

He nerves his arm for mortal strife,
 Liberty or Death his battle cry,
 His home he only yields with life,
 He conquers, or he falls to die.

Then let a foe our soil invade,
 We'll meet them on the ocean shore,
 On God alone we'll trust for aid,
 And soon they sink to rise no more.

Now let us pledge an honest hand,
 And scorn the tyrants of the world—
 Swear to defend our native land
 Beneath the stars and stripes unfurled.

PRAYER.

The Christian upwards casts his weary eyes,
 And longs to leave this world of wo,
 His prayers ascend a welcome sacrifice
 They from a grateful bosom flow;
 Swift to his Maker's dazzling throne,
 On angels' tongues they're quickly borne,
 His wants, thus to his God made known,
 Descend in blessing, like the dews of morn.

For he has said, that those who pray
 Aright, shall never ask in vain,
 The humble suppliant ne'er is cast away,
 Without the gift he strove to gain.

He for the Raven hath a parent's care,
 The feeble bird unnoticed cannot fall,
 He notes our tears and numbers every hair,
 His ears are open to the cries of all.

He bids you come and seek his face
 Nor fear to come in faith alone,
 With you his grace he'll freely share,
 For bread He'll never give a stone,
 Let all the earth bow down in love
 The strong, the weak, the great and small,
 Their voices join with those above
 To praise Jehovah Lord of all.

GOD IS LOVE.

Sweetly beams the radiant sun
 The silvery moon calm floats above,
 The stars within their orbits run ;
 All these denote that God is love.
 The field that's clad in living green,
 The feathered warblers of the grove,
 The limpid streams, that rise unseen,
 Are emblems true, that God is Love.

The beasts that roam the forest wide,
 And tribes that in the ocean move,
 The flowing and receding tide—
 All these may prove, that God is Love.
 But there is still one other theme—
 That must the hardened sceptic move,
 Salvation's great and glorious scheme,
 Unerring proof that God is Love.

The Father gives his blest, his only son
 To leave the shining courts above,
 He dwells on earth, a weary one,
 An evidence that God is Love.
 To bear the burdens of a sinful world,
 Tho' meek and lowly as the dove,
 A sacrifice upon the cross unfurled,
 He dies to prove, that God is Love.

SAVING FAITH.

I know that my Redeemer liveth,
 So said the patient Job,
 The hand that all my suffering giveth,
 Can stay the painful throb.

Tho' worms destroy this feeble frame,
 And unto dust it doth return,
 I'll trust upon his holy name,
 Nor his holy precepts spurn.

His word has never failed,
 His promises are ever sure,
 And tho' by sin I am assail'd,
 'Tis glory thus to endure.

Tho' Satan in a thousand ways
 Would lead my heart from God,
 I'll praise him all my days,
 And kiss the chastening rod.

Salvation he has freely sent,
 For it I have daily striven,
 And by his aid I will repent,
 And trust in him for Heaven.

REFLECTION.

When pain her dreary sceptre waves,
 O'er man's weak and feeble form,
 Hope points above, to One who saves
 Amidst the tempest and the storm.

'Tis well to bear the chastening rod,
 For 'tis in sacred mercy sent,
 To lead the wandering heart to God—
 To bid the sinful soul repent.

Tho' pleasure with her thoughtless throng
 Strangers seem to grief or sorrow,
 Heed not the days that glide along
 That may bring death to morrow.

'Tis well to pause and count the cost,
 Ere yet the hour be past and gone,
 When Heaven may be forever lost,
 For which no sorrow can atone.

HARK, HARK, TO THAT SOUND.

Hark, hark, to that sound, as it floats on the sky,
 'Tis the voice of Jehovah, He speaks from on high,
 It tells of glad tidings—to mortals below
 The way of salvation, to all it does show ;
 Then rise in your might,
 Be first in the fight.

The soul that doth conquer, will share its delight,
 And Jesus be honor'd, the greatest and best
 With the Jewels He's won, in his mansion of rest.

Come, come, from the haunts of the thoughtless and gay
 Take part in this work, while yet it is day,
 The night is fast coming, when no work can be done,
 Then put it not off till the last setting sun ;

The crown is in view

That is destined for you,

For the word of the Saviour is lasting and true,
 And Jesus be honor'd, the greatest and best
 With the Jewels He's won, in his mansions of rest.

Think, think of the years that have faded and gone,
 And the time that has past, forever has flown,
 To us never more, never more will be known ;

The light of Religion on your pathway has shone,

Then do not delay,

Till life's last parting ray,

The gift of Salvation must be purchased to-day,
 And Jesus be honor'd, the greatest and best
 With the Jewels He's won, in his mansions of rest.

LINES ON PRESENTING A BOOK.

TO MARTHA * * * * *

Accept dear girl this little Book
 From one that loves thee well ;
 And while upon its leaves you look
 Think of the truths they tell.

"THIS IS THE WAY, WALK YE IN IT."

Come Mary, listen to that voice
 That calls on you to stay,
 And saints and angels will rejoice
 Come walk in this the way.
 The way that's marked with blood
 Shed by a Saviour dear,
 It leads unto the throne of God,
 In it, you've nought to fear.

It is the way, the only way
 That is to mortals given,
 'Tis lit by a celestial ray,
 And leads direct to Heaven.
 This is the way, Jehovah speaks,
 Come walk ye in it now,
 Ere life's frail cord forever breaks,
 Let victory grace your brow.

THE WORLD IS ALL AN EMPTY SHOW.

The world is all an empty show,
 Where the fondest ties are riven,
 Where man doth wander to and fro,
 And vainly seek for heaven.

His efforts vain, borne down with toil,
 He sees his work but just begun ;
 Although o'er every spot of soil
 His weary feet have anxious run.

From north to south, from east to west,
 His hopes deferred hath left him sad,
 For still he finds within his breast
 That aching void he ever had.

'Twas never meant that man should find
 On Earth this idol of his soul,
 That transient joys his heart should bind,
 Which soon must in oblivion roll.

But God would have him upwards look,
 For there His handiwork is shown,
 He guides him by His Holy Book,
 And makes the past and future known.

The world must fade and then decay
 When Time shall his great work have done,
 And shall in grandeur pass away,
 And Heaven be found, with God alone.

HAVE A FRIEND THAT DWELLS ON HIGH.

I have a friend that dwells on high,
 Within the mansions of the sky,
 My sorrows doth his bosom move,
 For all his attributes are love.

When pain and grief invade my soul,
 Temptations too in torrents roll,
 He still will heed the suppliant's cry,
 And give relief when none is nigh.

'The bliss of Heaven He did forego,
His love supreme for me to show,
He slept within the silent grave,
My sinful soul from woe to save.

Great is the love in human heart,
When man for man with life will part,
But greater far the Almighty God,
Consents for man to shed his blood.

Oh may I never leave thy path,
Or by one act deserve thy wrath
But strive my sinful ways to mend,
And walk with Thee unto the end.

JESUS CONTROL MY ERRING HEART.

Jesus control my erring heart,
And mould it to thy righteous will;
Oh let me never from thee part
And all my sinful passions still.

'Tho' a wanderer from thy fold,
To thee I gladly will return;
Not with riches or with gold—
A broken reed, Oh do not spurn.

An humble heart is all I bring,
A sorrowing spirit that I give;
To thy cross in hope I cling,
To hear that word that bids me live.

And to thy feet I come with fears,
To crave thy pardoning power,
Repentant shedding bitter tears,
'Till life's last lingering hour.

“THE BARREN FIG TREE.”

Oh spare that tree another year,
 Jesus in heavenly accents pleads,
 To Thee, to me, 'twas ever dear,
 Perhaps my fostering care it needs.

I'll dig around its withered root,
 And give to it my watchful care ;
 If then it still withholds its fruit,
 I will not ask to longer spare.

'Tis thus the Saviour pleads for those,
 While justice doth assert her power,
 But mercy in his bosom glows
 To shield them in the sinful hour.

Oh give him then a broken heart,
 No longer be a “ Barren Tree,”
 Life's brittle cord too soon may part,
 And leave thee “ barren” in eternity.

A CHILD TO ITS MOTHER WEEPING.

Dear Mother, why that tear
 That glistens in thine eye ?
 Why should'st thou danger fear,
 When God is ever nigh ?

'Twas not so when Father smil'd,
 And pressed thee to his heart ;
 Hope then thy hours beguiled,
 'Thou did'st not dream to part.

But God who dwells on high,
 Bade him to come away,
 To mansions in the sky,
 Where beams eternal day.

Then Mother, do not grieve,
 He now is free from pain ;
 And if we like him believe,
 We soon shall meet again.

Mother, let us not repine,
 God will our father be—
 We all at last will shine,
 Forever in Eternity.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Oh let us sing of that glorious morn,
 That hailed our Saviour Jesus born ;
 Let us sing, as sang the angels then—
 "Peace on Earth, Good-will to men,"
 For Salvation came to all below
 A world He saved from endless wo.

Oh ! let us sing in hymns of praise,
 His acts of love through all his days
 Hear him but speak, and lo the captive's free ;
 The Lame do walk, the Blind can see,
 For Salvation came to all below,
 A world He saved from endless wo.

Oh let us sing of his mighty power,
 That triumphed in temptation's hour,
 At his word the angry waters cease,
 The tempest stills, and all is peace,
 He Salvation brought to all below,
 A world He saved from endless wo.

Oh! let us sing of that wondrous love,
 That brought Him from his home above,
 On Calvary's brow to bleed and die
 Our souls to save from misery—
 He Salvation brought to all below,
 A world He saved from endless wo.

FATHER OF MERCIES, HEAR MY PRAYER.

Father of mercies, hear my prayer,
 And lend a listening ear;
 On every side I find a snare,
 My heart doth faint with fear.

How shall I keep my erring feet
 From out the paths of sin?
 Oh cleanse my heart and make it meet,
 For Thee to dwell therein.

And shield me in temptation's hour,
 Keep me in virtue's way,
 Although beset by Satan's power,
 Let me ne'er from Thee stray.

Lord, thou knowest well the heart
 Within the breast of man;
 How hard it is from sin to part,
 But with Thy aid, it can.

CONSCIENCE.

Conscience, thou mysterious monitor,
 Where dost thou dwell within us ?
 Where art thou enshrined ?
 Hast thou thy throne within the brain ?
 Watching every thought that flashes into being,
 Or dost thou reside deep in the heart,
 Keeping silent watch over every impulse
 That beats within its cells ?
 Speak, why thus reserved ?
 Perhaps thou hast thy abode,
 Amidst life's rushing current !
 And like the electric cord,
 Thou art wrought upon
 By the will of Omnipotence,
 Giving forth knowledge of right and wrong;
 If so, forsake not my mortal frame,
 Still sway thy power supreme,
 And guide me to Virtue's paths ;
 Teach me what is my duty,
 To my God, my neighbor, and myself !

THE TEMPEST.

Darkly in the distant west,
 Hangs the Tempest's sombre pall,
 Slowly heaves its troubled breast,
 While cloud on cloud doth call.

 The blustering wind from out the north,
 Comes sweeping o'er the plain,
 The pent up waters rushing forth,
 Bid nature smile again.

Fierce the vivid lightnings flash,
 Dread thunder rolls along,
 And gushing streams down mountains dash,
 With wild enchanting song.

But soon the Storm King passes by,
 With cloud rapt chariot train,
 The painted bow now spans the sky,
 God's promise to maintain.

'Tis thus that in life's stormy day,
 I'm merged in clouds of sorrow,
 Hope sheds at last a cheering ray,
 And wreathes with smiles the morrow.

LINES

COMPANYING THE PRESENTATION OF SOME PIECES OF MUSIC TO MISS MARY
 ELIZABETH TAYLOR, DAUGHTER OF GEN ZACHARY TAYLOR,
 PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The happy hours forever flown,
 Which youth's bright joys attended,
 Still linger round thy path unknown,
 With love and kindness blended.

May time fly slow on golden wing,
 And wreath with smiles thy future days;
 May not a cloud of sorrow fling
 Its shadow o'er their sunny rays.

And long may'st thou this life enjoy,
 With all the charms of wedded love;
 When it shall close, may no alloy
 Deprive thee of thy *Bliss** above.

* The lady is now the wife of Col. Bliss, U. S. A.

HOW SHALL YE ESCAPE ?

How shall ye escape that awful doom,
Prepared for Satan and his host,
That yawning gulf beyond the tomb,
Where even hope itself is lost.

'Tis thus thou art to wrath exposed,
Unless thy sins be all forgiven,
By Him who Satan's power deposed,
And opened wide the gates of Heaven.

Thy work is great, neglect it not,
But seek Salvation of thy God,
Upon his mercy cast thy lot,
Escape is but in Jesus blood.

PART II.

Political.

HAIL! YE GALLANT TAYLOR BAND.

TUNE—*Hail Columbia.*

Hail! ye gallant Taylor band!
“Bone and sinew” of the land,—
Who nobly strove “for Rights and Laws;”
Who nobly strove “for Rights and Laws;”
Now that “misrule” is overthrown
Enjoy the fruit yourselves have won.
Your country ever be your boast,
Defend her too at every cost,
And though you fall no more to rise,
She’s worthy of the sacrifice.

Rallying round “Old Zachary,”
Let our watchword henceforth be,
(Shop and Farm alike to guard)
Labor have its just reward!

Now let every voice proclaim
Zachary Taylor’s honored name,
Through all the land with loud huzzas—
Through all the land with loud huzzas;
Let every tongue both far and near
Answer with a joyful cheer.

With honest will and purpose too
 He'll guard the many and the few,
 From Right and Truth he'll never swerve,
 His country all he has to serve.

Rallying round "Old Zachary," &c.

Uphold the MAN you put in power
 To govern in the needful hour ;
 You'll find him true when storms arise—
 You'll find him true when storms arise ;
 He is brave, and kind, and true,
 And relies on Heaven and you.
 Desert him not in peace or fray,
 When gloom obscures the patriot's way ;
 From war's alarms he'll keep us free
 With Honor and with Liberty !

Rallying round "Old Zachary," &c.

OUR OWN HENRY CLAY.

TUNE—*Star Spangled Banner.*

Say can you hear o'er the far distant west,
 The name of the statesman and patriot resounding,
 On hill and on lake it seems now to rest,
 And listen to Fame's loud plaudits rebounding.

Like the breaking of day,

It sheds a bright ray,

And echo's shrill voice in triumph doth say :
 Come honor the man whose head has grown gray,
 In serving his country, your own Henry Clay.

When Ambition's fierce passions o'ershadow'd our land,
 And the storms of Disunion in tumult were raging ;
 He came to the rescue with Olive in hand,
 To save his loved 'Union,' all discord assuaging,
 In peace or in fray,
 He ne'er would betray,
 Then let echo's shrill voice in triumph still say :
 Come honor the man whose head has grown gray,
 In serving his country, your own Henry Clay.

Though slander's vile tongue doth its falsehoods display,
 With all that is venal, his great name investing ;
 Like the author's foul breath it will sink in decay,
 On their own servile souls 'twill forever be resting.

 All that malice can say,
 Will pass unheeded away
 And echo's shrill voice in triumph will say :
 Come honor the man whose head has grown gray,
 In serving his country, your own Henry Clay.

LET US SING OF GOOD OLD ZACH.

TUNE—*Yankee Doodle.*

Come boys and let us have a song
 That shall have something in it,
 And if you'll only help along,
 We will at once begin it :
 Come joins us with a cheerful voice,
 The battle is not o'er—

We'll sing of Zach. the People's Choice,
 And his good friend Fillmore.

 Then let us sing of Good Old Zach,
 The gallant and the true, sir,
 With him and Fillmore on the track,
 We'll throw the motley crew, sir.

We'll sing of Old Fort Harrison,
 When Zach was but a boy Sir,—
 The British thought to make him run,
 And vacate his employ Sir :
 But he was "not the boy to run,"
 Nor yet to break his sword Sir,
 He promised this to Jefferson,
 And well he kept his word, Sir,
 Then, &c.

We next will sing of Florida,
 And of the Indians wild Sir,
 They soon "up stakes" and ran away,
 They didn't like dat child Sir :
 We'll sing of Jim Polk's darling friend,
 They call him Santa Anna—
 Old "Extra Pay" did recommend
 To call him from Havana.
 Then, &c.

Polk passed him into Mexico,
 To head the cut-throat band Sir :
 And soon he did his kindness show,
 When he got on the land Sir :
 On Buena Vista's bloody field
 He came with mighty host Sir,
 But Zach. was not the man to yield—
 He ne'er a fight had lost Sir.
 Then, &c.

His gallant men were firm and true,
 They knew Old Zach. was there Sir ;
 Though twenty thousand came in view,
 He did their legions dare Sir :

On, on they came like beasts of prey
 Upon our hardy few Sir,
 And many a noble soul that day
 No more his comrades knew Sir.
 Then, &c.

But hear the brave old Hero cry,
 "Here we must make our stand Sir,
 For our wounded men behind us lie,
 Part of our gallant band, Sir;
 So hold your post, my good friend Bragg,
 Be liberal with your grape Sir,
 We'll keep our eyes upon our flag,
 And lick them out of shape, Sir."
 Then, &c.

THE HARDY SONS OF TOIL.

TUNE—*Yankee Doodle.*

Come all you hardy sons of toil,
 On you must fall the blow,
 Unless you lend a hand to spoil
 The work of Polk your foe!
 Then hurra, workies, let's unite,
 To root out all this weed,
 Let's bring its berries to the light
 With all its free-trade seed.

His Texan Banner and free-trade,
 Is floating on the wind,
 He'd sink us to the lowest grade,
 Our very life blood grind.
 Then, &c.

On Europe's cringing serfs and slaves,
 He would his favor show,
 He'd rather aid a band of knaves
 Than for us strike a blow.
 Then, &c.

We do not ask nor covet wealth,
 But labor's honest due,
 Give us but this and rosy health—
 You'll ever find us true.
 Then, &c.

We do not wish like brutes to live,
 That perish on the soil,
 When Industry and worth should give
 Sufficient for our toil.
 Then, &c.

Give us protection for our work—
 As HENRY CLAY would have—
 A Tariff free from trick or quirk,
 Is all we ask or crave.
 Then, &c.

LOCO FOCO BRAG.

TUNE—*The Poachers.*

The Locofoco's went to Baltimore
 To play the Game of Brag,
 With cards in hand a half a score,
 They run against a snag.

The hands so often play'd before
 Now proved to be a drag,
 They would not do at Baltimore,
 To play the game of Brag.

They tried Van Buren o'er and o'er
 And Cass behind would lag,
 They would not do at Baltimore,
 To play the game of Brag.

Old Stewart of the ocean's roar,
 Woodbury of the granite crag,
 Could not begin at Baltimore,
 To play the game of Brag.

Buchanan would the wages lower,
 Calhoun, the fiery southern nag,
 Both sadly failed at Baltimore,
 To play this game of Brag.

Ex-Marcy who his trowsers tore,
 Johnson who did Tecumseh bag,
 Were laid aside at Baltimore,
 To play the game of Brag,

Judas Tyler went on shore,
 With Texas for a drag—
 Traitor's would not do at Baltimore,
 To play the game of Brag.

At last the Loco's gave a roar,
 This Henry Clay we'll gag,
 Long he'll remember Baltimore,
 We'll give him Polk for Brag !

Our vengeance once again we'll pour,
 And Frelinghuysen soon must flag,
 For Dallas wins at Baltimore,
 The second game of Brag !

Whigs awake ! like in days of yore,
 Take off the bush the rag,
 Complete your work at Baltimore,
 For Polk and Dallas are but Brag !

THAT NAME IS HENRY CLAY.

TUNE—*A Life on the Ocean Wave.*

Say, say, have you heard that name,
 That thrills in the patriot's breast,
 On the winds of the West it came,
 With tidings of hope and rest ;
 The mechanic hails it with joy,
 The laborer joins in the song,
 The theme does the merchant employ,
 And the weaver, throws it along ;
 Huzza ! let the farmer proclaim,
 In that name is our country blest,
 All hearts should respond to a name,
 That traitors and tyrants detest.
 That name—that name
 Is Henry Clay of the West.
 That name, &c.

Come on, come on, is the cry,
 That comes from the frozen North ;
 Come on, is the South's reply,
 From the East it comes echoing forth ;
 Then rise in your might and away,
 Let that name be wafted along,
 Like the sun at the breaking of day,
 It sheds light on a joyous throng,
 Let freemen in gladness proclaim,
 That name, the greatest and best,
 'Tis bright in the annals of Fame,
 'Tis Henry Clay of the west.
 That name—that name
 Is Henry Clay of the West.
 That name, &c.

JIMMY POLK, OF TENNESSEE.

TUNE—*Ole Gray Goose.*

Jimmy Polk ob Tennessee,
 Is neighbor to ole Hickory ;
 Ebery day he takes a walk,
 And to de Ginerol habs a talk.
 Oh looky har—oh looky whar,
 Look right ober yander,
 Don't you see dat Polk
 Raisin ob ole Hickory's dander.

Jimmy Polk ob Tennessee,
 De President would like to be,
 But for dat he is too late,
 So da say in his own State.
 Oh looky har, &c.

Jimmy Polk ob Tennessee,
 Can't go de home industry,
 For dis he met wid broken bones,
 When he run foul ob massa Jones.
 Oh looky har, &c.

Jimmy Polk ob Tennessee,
 Wants all de duties to be free ;
 At de South he talk jis so,
 And to de north he say no, no.
 Oh looky har, &c.

Jimmy Polk ob Tennessee,
 'Tis dar dat he is like to be,
 De white house he can't get in,
 Dar he will neber toast he shin.
 Oh looky har, &c.

Jimmy Polk ob Tennessee ;
 We'll run you clar up in de tree ;
 De people know who is de best,
 Da goes for Harry ob de West.
 Oh looky har, &c.

OUR WHIG PILOT.

TUNE—*Wet Sheet.*

Our Pilot is brave Harry Clay,
 We'll render him his due,
 In danger oft his country's stay,
 In trial we've found him true.
 Then give us, our Whig cause,
 With all its bright display,
 Our Constitution and our Laws
 Our Tariff and our Clay.

Tho' loco frogs around him croak,
 They know what they do,
 They are afraid that Hubbard's Polk,
 Will poison half the crew.
 Then give us our Whig cause, &c.

Flip flap Dallas, their antidote,
 Is swallow'd but by few,
 They've got into a leaky boat,
 And will to the bottom go.
 Then give us our Whig cause, &c.

Then hurrah for ship Protection,
 And the Tariff of forty-two,
 We'll make port next election,
 With all free-trade can do.
 Then give us our Whig cause, &c.

Then hurra for our Henry Clay,
 And our Frelinghuysen too,
 We'll land them safe upon the quay,
 Before our sails we clew.
 Then give us our Whig cause, &c.

THE NATIVE BOYS.

TUNE—*Constitution and Guerriere.*

We lately have been told,
 That the Loco Foco's gold
 Would use up the Native boys quite handy O :
 For this they come toolate,
 In the noble Keystone State,
 For the Native boys at voting are the dandy O.

They with Johnston took the field,
 And not one inch did yield
 Until they made him Governor so handy O :
 He went in by the board,
 In spite of "Broken Sword,"
 For the Native boys at voting are the dandy O.

And when they took the track
 With "Old Whitey" and "Old Zack,"
 The Old White House they won quite handy O :
 As 'twas always their intent
 They've made him President,
 For the Native boys at voting are the dandy O.

With the Tariff of Forty Two,
 They'll the British one undo,
 And "row it up Salt River" quite handy O :
 With all the traitor crew,
 In "Old Casting Vote's" canoe,
 For the Native boys at voting are the dandy O.

CLAY AND FRELINGHUYSEN.

TUNE—*Mellow Horn.*

Far o'er the West 'neath Ashland's dome,
 Where beams the Prairie's fire,
 He dwells within his peaceful home,
 The people's proud desire.
 His praise the South does not withhold,
 But hails the rising day,
 While fame records in liquid gold
 The name of Henry Clay.
 Henry Clay—Henry—Henry Clay,
 While Fame records, &c.

Far o'er the East all natures smiles,
 On Frelinghuysen's cot ;
 His life so pure that slander's wiles,
 In it can find no spot.
 His praise the North does not withhold,
 But hails the rising day,
 While Fame records in liquid gold,
 His name with Henry Clay.
 Henry Clay—Henry—Henry Clay,
 While Fame records, &c.

WHIGS OF NEW JERSEY.

TUNE—*Rosin the Bow.*

You jolly true Whigs of New Jersey,
 And all you Conservatives too,
 Come out from among the spoils' party,
 And vote for our Harry, the true.
 And vote for our Harry, &c.

Van Buren's laid out on the counter,
 And Cass has met with his due,
 Tecumseh, the famous in slaughter,
 Is conquered by Harry the true.
 Is conquered by Harry, &c.

Buchanan low wages did cover,
 And Stewart was blow'd out of view,
 Calhoun Nullification did smother,
 Because we had Harry the true.
 Because we had Harry, &c.

Old Marcy no Mercy did get,
 Wood-bury they sent home to grow,
 John Tyler was not even thought of
 To fight with our Harry the true.
 To fight with our Harry, &c,

At last they thought us to choke,
 And some Polk they made into a stew,
 They may add a small portion of Dull-ass,
 And we'll beat them with Harry the true
 And we'll beat them, &c.

THE GAME OF POLK.

TUNE—*Dandy Jim of Caroline.*

Oh! the little Fox was made a fool—
 He was "killed off" by the "two-third rule,"
 And Cass was sent, with frogs to croak—
 They were not the men for playing poke.
 Oho! Oho! they're bound to choke,
 For they must wear a sapling yoke;
 Ha, ha, ha—the coons all grin,
 And the way we'll poke them is a sin.

Old Ironsides ne'er whipped before,
Was by land-lubbers run on shore ;
And old Tecumseh, with heart of oak,
Had not the hands for playing poke.

Oho ! Oho ! &c.

Conestoga of the Federal clan
Who'd put wages down to a shilling a man ;
And Democrats would bleed and smoke,
Was not expert at playing poke.

Oho ! Oho ! &c.

The Ex-Governor of the Empire State,
Where the Fox had been, came much too late ;
Not cabbages could their love invoke ;
He was not the man for playing poke.

Oho ! Oho ! &c.

They used up John, the Nullifier,
And left him sticking in the mire ;
His State Rights notions raised a smoke,
But he couldn't play the game of poke.

Oho ! Oho ! &c.

New Hampshire's *Bury* would not thrive—
He was not the man for the mongrel hive ;
Although hitched in the loco yoke,
He wouldn't do for playing poke.

Oho ! Oho ! &c.

His Accidency, last and least,
Was neither fish nor yet a beast ;
Though he for Texas loud did croak,
He wasn't the man for playing poke.

Oho ! Oho ! &c.

“ O, what a row ! ”—cried old Blue light,
 “ ’Tis worse than war’s impending stroke ;
 We’ll see if we can’t make it *wright*,
 And gull them with a little poke.”

Oho ! Oho ! &c.

Now an old friend to the Bank and Biddle,
 To Polk is playing “ second fiddle ; ”
 The locos would our Tariff cloak,
 But the coons are up to playing poke.

Oho ! Oho ! the locos must choke, &c.

We’ll go to work and win the day,
 For the locos fear our Harry Clay ;
 The Jersey coons are lively folk—
 They “ can’t be beat ” at playing polk.

Oho ! Oho ! the locos must choke, &c.

JERSEY BLUES, WE LOOK TO YOU.

TUNE—*Lucy Neal*.

A captain bold, as I’ve been told,
 Who sails in Uncle’s fleet,
 Has been enroll’d, to use his gold,
 A Jersey Blue to beat.
 So Jersey Blues, we look to you,
 To keep the spoilers out ;
 This motley crew will never do,
 So mind what you’re about.

The Polkats, too, have joined his crew,
 To sell their native state,
 They’ll never do, where men are true,
 They cannot seal her fate,
 So Jersey Blue, &c.

The great nor small, want no Canal,
 To hold corruption's sway,
 Their hopes so tall, will get a fall,
 When comes "Election day."
 So Jersey Blue, &c.

The state is free, thus let it be,
 We want no iron track ;
 Just let them see, you scorn their plea,
 To take it on her back.
 So Jersey Blue, &c.

We see their aim, we see their game,
 They showed their hands too soon ;
 The Captain's fame, nor the Captain's name,
 Can't save his favorite "John."
 So Jersey Blue, &c.

There's men of toil, born on the soil,
 Can guide the Ship of State,
 And they'll recoil on the men of spoil,
 Who set for them the bait.
 So Jersey Blue, &c.

There's Stratton too, a "Jersey Blue,"
 Is fit to take the wheel,
 And he will do, to see us through,
 He is as true as steel.
 So Jersey Blue, &c.

The slanderers may, his fame gainsay,
 But he's been tried before ;
 First in the fray, to gain the day,
 Upon the nation's floor.
 So Jersey Blue, &c.

Then one and all, from field and hall,
 Come help the work along,
 To save from thrall, your state does call,
 So go for Stratton—strong.
 So Jersey Blue, &c.

GET OUT DE WAY OLE LEWIS CASS.

TUNE—*Dan Tucker.*

I heard a shout de oder day,
 I stop to listen what it say—
 De boys all cry, Let de Hero pass,
 Get out de way, Ole Lewis Cass.
 So get out de way,
 Get out de way, you're too unsteady,
 Clar de track for Rough and Ready.

He was de man dat fit de battles,
 While Cass was grabbin' up de chattels,
 Into Mexico Zach. was walking,
 While Lewey Cass was busy talking.
 So get out de way, &c.

Ole Cass talk big and of'en said
 He go his death for de Free Trade ;
 When Congress doesn't please him too,
 He'll give 'em taste of de Veto.
 So get out de way, &c.

Once he wrote a little letter,
 To tell he friends he feel much better,
 But dare noise gib him much pain,
 Darefore heself he can't explain.
 So get out de way, &c.

He great friend unto de "snag,"
 And never from his hole him drag,
 He lebe him in de ribber float,
 To run clar through de old steamboat.
 So get out de way, &c.

To Johnny Bull he send de gold
 Because he goods so cheap am sold ;
 Da poor souls de soup must eat,
 But 'Merican wants a little meat.
 So get out de way, &c.

De good ole Tariff of "forty-two"
 He say dat it will neber do—
 It fill de workies craws too full,
 And doesn't please he friend John Bull.
 So get out de way, &c.

He likes de one Bob Walker fix
 Wid British gold in "forty six,"
 Dat he say is just de ting—
 For Lewey Philip de French King.
 So get out de way, &c.

He doesn't care for de working man ;
 He may do de best he can,
 And if he has no meat to carve
 Why go widout or let him starve.
 So get out de way, &c.

Not so wid ole Massa Taylor,
 He kind hearted like de sailor,
 And go in for de poor man's right,
 To get dat done am his delight.
 So get out de way, &c.

He is de man dat neber run ;
 Him like our good ole WASHINGTON,
 He doesn't care for all de pelf,
 An' lubs de people like heself.
 So get out de way, &c.

An' all de State dat we can make,
 From de ole Gulf to de big Lake,
 He would hab 'em to be free—
 From ebermore to eternity !
 So get out de way,
 Get out de way ! He's true and steady.
 Clar de track for Rough and Ready.

NATIVES COME ON.

TUNE—*Take heed ! Whisper low !*

Natives come on, your country's calling
 To save her from corruption's sway ;
 She sees her sons around her falling,
 She calls you on, no longer stay.
 Come on, come on, nor heed the foe
 Of " foreign influence " beware !
 Come on, come on, and nobly show
 Your rights are dear.
 Arouse, arouse, your country's honor share,
 And guard her well, from every snare.

Natives come on, see traitors basely fawning,
 O'Connell's wiles they do unfold,
 Teach them their efforts you are scorning,
 That you cannot as brutes be sold.
 Come on, come on, &c.

Natives come on, God's truth proclaiming,
 The Bible shield till time's no more ;
 For your country's weal be nobly aiming,
 Strive as you never strove before.
 Come on, come on, &c.

Natives come on, your Tariff heeding,
 Of foreign labor you want none ;
 Protection's all that you are needing,
 Free Trade you should forever shun.
 Come on, come on, &c.

Natives come on, success is dawning,
 Their foreign gold can do no harm ;
 Your cause now hails a brighter morning,
 Repealers fly in dread alarm.
 Come on, come on, &c.

OLD ZACH.

TUNE—*Rosin the Beau.*

We have scanned the country all over,
 And now we are on the "right track,"
 We soon shall be living in clover,
 By giving a vote for Old Zach.
 By giving, &c.

They say he's as "rough" as a bear—
 And never was "put on his back,"
 And that he knows nothing of fear—
 For a "ready" old fellow is Zach.
 For a ready, &c.

He is not a worn out old nag,
 And good sense and wisdom don't lack ;
 The people he never will snag—
 No friend to the " Veto's" Old Zach.
 No friend, &c.

Our country he's covered with glory,
 And the Mexicans whipped like a " sack,"
 When the General tells you the story,
 You are a " gone case" for Old Zach.
 You are, &c.

He's the friend of our own Harry Clay,
 With Scott he's upon the same tack,
 His friendship is not for a day,
 For a true-hearted soldier's Old Zach.
 For a true, &c.

The Officer calls him his friend,
 The Private can share in his " snack"
 His last " bit" to the needy he'd lend,
 For a warm-hearted man is Old Zach.
 For a warm, &c.

He'll mend up our good Constitution,
 So broken by Polk and his pack ;
 His watchword shall be " restitution,"
 And you may depend on Old Zach.
 And you may depend, &c.

Come East and come West and rejoice,
 For " fodder" will fill every " rack,"
 Come North and come South with one voice,
 And send up a shout for Old Zach.
 And send up, &c.

COME NATIVES, AROUSE.

TUNE—*Star Spangled Banner.*

Come Natives, arouse, from field and from hall,
 To save your loved union, from discord and thrall ;
 The stars of your country, dishonored have been
 By those you have cherished—base vipers unseen ;
 Rather sink to your graves
 Than O'Connell's vile slaves,
 Should rule in this land, where freedom's flag waves ;
 Then rise in your might, ye sons of the free,
 Drive these minions again to their Isle in the sea.

Though kindly you hailed them and gave each a home
 And welcomed them here, as many as come ;
 The asylum you gave them they never could prize,
 No feelings of freemen in their bosoms e'er rise.

 The great and the least,
 Are led by the priest,
 They revel in tumult—on blood do they feast,
 Then rise in your might, ye sons of the free,
 Keep these minions away, on their Isle in the sea.

Let it never be said, the fields that were won
 By your fathers who fought, under good Washington,
 Have been basely polluted, by these demons of spoil,
 Whose footsteps have ever dishonored your soil ;

 Their hearts are deceit,
 For tyrants they're meet,
 Where interest offers, they'll kneel and they'll greet,
 Then rise in your might, ye sons of the free,
 Keep these minions away, on their Isle in the sea.

Though our land is a home, for all nations opprest—
 We do not intend they our rights shall invest—
 Tho' as brothers we took them, it never was meant
 That we should be slaves, to these sons of the *rent* ;
 That the Pope might rule,
 By each ignorant tool,
 And he be triumphant in council and school.
 Then rise in your might, ye sons of the free,
 Keep these minions away, on their Isle in the sea.

Let it never be said that you are so debased,
 As have God's blest book from your school rooms
 erased
 By that influence, of which Washington bid you beware,
 Be true to yourselves and it ne'er can ensnare.
 Your children should learn,
 Its wiles to discern,
 That they may hereafter its designs ever spurn.
 Then rise in your might, ye sons of the free,
 Keep these minions away, on their Isle in the sea.

HENRY CLAY.

TUNE—*Mellow Horn.*

O'er the west aurora gaily breaks,
 Her hills and lakes conspire,
 Whilst all nature loudly speaks,
 The prairies are on fire.
 The south sends forth the approving note,
 And echoes gently play,
 While glorious honors calmly float,
 Around our Henry Clay.
 Our Henry, Henry Clay,
 While glorious honors, &c.

Far o'er the EAST no clouds obscure,
 The tranquil Frelinghuysen's cot,
 His life bedeck'd by virtue pure,
 His foes can find no spot.
 The NORTH sends forth the approving note,
 And echoes gently play,
 While glorious honors calmly float,
 Round him and Henry Clay.
 And Henry, Henry Clay.
 While glôrious honors, &c.

LOCO FOCO'S
 TO THEIR
 DECEITFUL DELEGATES.

TUNE—*Rory O'More.*

Come up you deceivers, your conduct we'll scan,
 Say what have you done with our dear little Van?
 And where is our Cass? who promised so fair,
 Sure one or the other was fit for the chair.

So Jimmy be easy,
 We've tried you before,
 We cannot believe you,
 So Polk us no more.

You went to Convention as straight as a loon,
 And swore you'd be death upon every old Coon:
 The coons are still singing, for they have been told,
 That our little Red Fox is in Kinderhook hole'd.

So Jimmy be easy, &c.

You did not as we told you, to vote till the last,
 And sink with Van's flag fast nail'd to your mast,
 You guzzl'd old Corn Stalk, and play'd us a joke,
 And forgot all our heroes for one Jimmy Polk.

So Jimmy be easy, &c.

Poor old "Tecumseh," our honest "Blue Dick,"
 The Berries you gave him have made him "so sick,"
 His voice has got husky, he does nothing but croak,
 Alas! I am killed by that awful green poke.

So Jimmy be easy, &c.

For more than twelve years, you held absolute sway,
 We retailed your slanders for mighty poor pay,
 And as for the Roast Beef, we ne'er got a treat,
 The "spit," was our portion, while your's was the meat.

So Jimmy be easy, &c.

Tho' Texas you'd give us, 'twon't better your fates,
 We go for our Country, "The Union of States;"
 For Clay and Frelinghuysen we'll throw up our hats
 They are both for the Tariff, and true Democrats.

So come along Harry,
 And come very soon,
 It won't do to tarry,
 You lively Old Coon.

COME ON MY JOLLY WHIGS.

TUNE—*The Squirrel.*

Come on my jolly Whigs,
 I'll tell you a good joke,
 The locos have forsook their pigs,
 And gone in for a 'poke.

Cheer up—my lively coons,
 The people all are rising,
 Cheer up—my lively coons,
 For Clay and Frelinghuysen.

The 'poke it is a lively bird,
 'Tis always on the wing,
 Up the creek 'tis often heard;
 It is a dainty thing.
 Cheer up, &c.

His grandsire was a tory
 In the days of Revolution;
 And thus does run the story:
 The British gave him absolution.
 Cheer up, &c.

Fly away you pretty 'poke,
 Clay rifles will you riddle,
 Dallas and you may yoke,
 And play the second fiddle.
 Cheer up, &c.

Some say the 'poke is green, oh,
 And leaves us in November,
 Whether this be true or no,
 There'll be none in December.
 Cheer up, &c.

Of Candidates for President,
 I'm sure we've got the best;
 Forty years for us he spent,
 And he'll not withhold the rest.
 Cheer up, &c.

Virginia she is justly proud
 Of Clay there's no disguisin'
 New Jersey in her praise is loud
 Of her good Frelinghuysen.
 Cheer up, &c.

Old Kentuck with her big gun,
 Takes part in the jollification,
 For Harry her adopted son,
 Will be ruler of the nation,
 Cheer up, &c.

We cannot go a Railroad,
 New Jersey's Governor to be ;
 'Twould be a very heavy load,
 And worse than taking tea.
 Cheer up, &c.

Let no monopoly seal our fate,
 No—that will never do,
 The Broad Seal's reins of State,
 Should be held by a Jersey Blue.
 Cheer up, &c.

COME ALL YE MERRY FARMERS.

TUNE—*Poucher.*

Come all ye merry Farmers
 Who hail the rising day,
 Your hands put to the plough
 And furrow a vote for Clay.
 And furrow a vote, &c.

Come all ye merry Farmers,
 Who are the nations stay,
 'Tis time that you began to sow,
 To sow a vote for Clay.
 To sow a vote, &c.

Come all ye merry Farmers
 Whose brows are clad in grey,
 You are not too old to reap,
 To reap a vote for Clay.
 To reap, &c.

Come all ye merry Farmers,
 Who see the sun's last ray,
 And gather in the ripened grain,
 And gather a vote for Clay.
 And gather, &c.

ROUGH AND READY SONG.

TUNE—*Dandy Jim.*

Our country calls once more to arms,
 To save your workshops and your farms,
 Old "Rough and Ready" makes the call—
 The invitation's to you all.

Let Palo Alto be our cry,
 And on the breeze Resaca fly,
 Till Buena Vista's deeds repay
 The conqueror of Monterey.

The Empire State, with noble pride,
 Has placed her Fillmore side by side,
 To run the people's race with Zach—
 So, Cass and Butler, clear the track.

Let Palo Alto, &c.

A sound more welcome than the rest
 Lights up the prairies of the West ;
 'Tis Ashland's thunder bursts away,
 The well-known voice of Henry Clay.

Let Palo Alto, &c.

Now, in the dark and troubled night,
A star is seen on Bunker's height ;
To guide the old Whig army home,
The tribes of Dan, united, come.

Let Palo Alto, &c.

Our gallant Scott brings up the rear,
His scalding soup the locos fear ;
Their old reserve can ne'er escape
The deadly aim of Taylor's grape.

Let Palo Alto, &c.

Our harbor boys will wheel about,
And help to clear the Cass-cade out—
Chicago's letter they will read,
And SNAG him in the hour of need.

Let Palo Alto, &c.

The people say Cass has been dull,
Since he surrendered under Hull ;
And with that sword he broke in two,
A Mexican brave Pillow slew.

Let Palo Alto, &c.

When starving Ireland cried for food,
Cass like his native granite stood ;
He dreamed the day was far remote
Ere he would want the "Irish vote."

Let Palo Alto, &c.

Cass rides a Foote, by donkeys led,
Polk has a Pillow for his head ;
And should his Buckeye Durham fail,
He has a Cushing for his tail,

Let Palo Alto, &c.

The sovereign people will it so—
 Old Zach. must to the White House go ;
 For that high station he was made,
 He never wore the black cockade,
 Let Palo Alto, &c.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.

TUNE—*A Wet Sheet.*

Come all who love the brave and true,
 And help us to rejoice,
 From all the nation's honored crew,
 The People's made a choice ;
 They tried him well in early youth,
 When " Tip " was in the field,
 And then he told this solemn truth,
 His sword he'd never yield.
 Give us the man who " went ahead "
 Where shot were falling fast,
 While Lewis Cass lay snug in bed,
 Far from the battle's blast.

When Cass was buying up the land,
 Through all the fertile west,
 With " Extra pay " at his command,
 To choose out all the best,
 On speculation he was bent ;
 And filling of his bag,
 Old Taylor then was 'neath his tent,
 Guarding his country's flag.
 Give us the man, &c.

While Cass with sad and solemn face,
 By some defined as "dough,"
 Was truckling for a higher place,
 With slavery and Veto—
 Old Zach. was 'neath the Mexic sun,
 Far from his native shore,
 With gallant men who glory won,
 'Gainst odds of thousands more.
 Give us the man, &c.

Oh give us then old honest Zach.
 He is the people's choice,
 On them he'll never turn his back,
 Nor fail to heed their voice,
 For he will "do the thing that's right,"
 And be unjust to none,—
 His country's weal his whole delight,
 Like noble Washington.
 Give us the man, &c.

COME OUT FOR NEW JERSEY'S OWN SON.

TUNE—*Star Spangled Banner.*

Oh say have you heard what the Polkites have done,
 On the green fields of Trenton, where the battle was won,
 Where the blood of your sires, so nobly was shed—
 Where the Hessians and Britons before Washington
 fled?

Then come out for yourselves, ere the mischief be done,
 And vote for your Stratton, New Jersey's own son.

'Twas there that they met, with dark purpose elate—
 To choose out a ruler to govern your State,
 That in justice should guide you, triumphant along
 With joy to the weak, and hope to the strong.
 Then come out for yourselves, &c.

But the Monopoly ruled and exerted its sway,
 And —— has conquered again for a day,
 The gift that was glorious, by another was won
 Who cannot lay claim to the title of son.

Then come out for yourselves, &c.

Let it never be said, midst your people of toil,
 That there is not one, on your time honored soil,
 Aye, one that is worthy to guide the State plough,
 'Twas ne'er so before—let it not be so now.

Then come out for yourselves, &c.

Say have you not heard of a Railroad's great power,
 That has ruled in a neighbor, and darken'd her hour,
 Where prosperity beam'd on each valley and hill,
 Corruption now reigns o'er the people's own will.

Then come out for yourselves, &c.

Oh let it not triumph, 'twill mortgage each farm,
 Rouse up in your might, and the traitors disarm,
 Choose one that is honest and loyal and just,
 And one that you've tried, to hold this great trust.

Then come out for yourselves, &c.

Choose one that is free, yes free from the spoil,
 Whose breath was first drawn on your own native soil;
 Choose one that you know to be virtuous and true,
 A son of old Broad Seal, a true Jersey Blue.

Then come out for yourselves, &c.

COME ALL AND LEND A HELPING HAND

TUNE—*Lucy Neal*.

Come all you hardy sons of toil
 Whose hands doth guide the plough :
 Come all who hammer and who file,
 And who the shuttle throw.

Let the honest laborer joyful come
 And help our work along,
 The merchant leave his counting-room,
 To aid the welcome song.

Then hurra for gallant Harry Clay,
 And our Frelinghuysen too,
 For them and Stratton work away,
 And the Tariff of forty-two.

Come all and lend a helping hand,
 To raise our banner high;
 Come all who love their native land,
 And join our rallying cry.
 For Harry of the West we meet,
 To raise his name this day,
 Then let us all as brothers greet,
 And shout and work away.

Then hurra for gallant Harry Clay, &c.

He nobly stood in days in gone by,
 When blue lights lit the land,
 And cockades of the blackest dye,
 Joined tories hand-in-hand.
 The day was one and victory
 Shone forth in bright array,
 In all the land the brave and free
 Hurra'd for Henry Clay—

Then hurra for gallant Harry Clay, &c.

Once more his efforts we behold,
 Our welfare first in view,
 The glorious scheme he does unfold,
 That gives us labor's due.
 He said a Tariff we did need,
 That would protection give,
 The hand that earn'd its daily bread,
 Should by its efforts live.

Then hurra for gallant Harry Clay, &c.

Not as the slaves, who basely kneel
 Upon a foreign shore,
 That hunger's pangs do often feel,
 And dare not ask for more.
 With one accord let all proclaim,
 As we his name display ;
 And Home Industry speak his fame,
 Her great defender Clay.
 Then hurra for gallant Harry Clay, &c.

COME JERSEY BLUES AND LEND A HAND.

TUNE—*Yankee Doodle.*

Come Jersey Blues and lend a hand
 To save the "broad seal" state,
 The Rail Road with its selfish hand
 Conspires to seal your fate.
 Then Jersey Blues, keep off the track,
 Beware of John R. Thompson,
 Keep the Rail Road off your back,
 And vote for Charley Stratton.

Wake up, wake up, my Jersey Blue,
 'Tis time to take alarm,
 They will surely mortgage you,
 Together with your farm.
 Then Jersey Blues keep, &c.

They'd like to sell you the canal :
 It costs so much to lock it,
 Besides, the profit is so small,
 It don't add to the pocket.
 Then Jersey Blues keep, &c.

They'd like to sell their Rail Road,
 Not much longer will it last,
 'Tis like to be a heavy load,
 'Tis wearing out so fast.
 Then Jersey Blues keep off, &c.

Monopolies were a dreadful thing,
 The Locos said in "Forty,"
 This is the tune they used to sing,
 When the Captain left their party.
 Then Jersey Blues keep off, &c.

Some say that Thompson has resigned,
 Until the race he's run—
 His office then again he'll find,
 Quite safe with Captain Big gun.
 Then Jersey Blues keep off, &c.

They'd like to Polk it on the state,
 And get the money for it ;
 But I guess they've come too late,
 The people all have *saw it*.
 Then Jersey Blues keep off, &c.

Besides, the people they do know
 John Bull has got a hand in it,
 Two-thirds in gold to him must go,
 And he's the boy to find it.
 Then Jersey Blues keep off, &c.

The people of this noble state,
 From corruption should be free,
 They do not want the Bankrupt's fate,
 Nor the Captain's nominee.
 Then Jersey Blues keep off, &c.

OLD ZACH'S A COON.

'TUNE—*Dandy Jim.*

The Locos said some time ago,
 Their Barn-yard Cocks were bound to crow,
 And by November's waning moon,
 They would kill off our "Old Zach Coon.
 The Fox and Cocks were both combined,
 But found themselves "too short behind,"
 We made them dance to "that old tune,"
 Get out de way, Old Zach's a Coon.

They have found out it was not so,
 Their combs are cut, they cannot crow,
 The "Old Zach Coon" has played the dickens
 With mother Cass's "barn-yard chickens."
 The Fox and Cocks, &c.

Pennsylvania's Keystone's beaten,
 New Jersey's Broad Seal, too, is eaten,
 New York's Empire's fairly down,
 Georgia's Sentinel's been done brown.
 The Fox and Cocks, &c.

They've lost their pet in Maryland,
 And Jim Polk's rooster cannot stand,
 The Old North State's has run away,
 To look for that from Florida.
 The Fox and Cocks, &c.

Their fighting cock in Louisiana,
 Has got a pass to Santa Anna,
 The Butler Chick from Old Kentuck,
 Has once again been out of luck.
 The Fox and Cocks, &c.

What few Cocks have saved their bacon,
 The Coon has giv'n a "tarnal shakin,"
 They that survive will learn this lesson—
 "Old Zach Coon" wont do to "mess on."
 The Fox and Cocks, &c.

COME JOIN IN THE SHOUT.

TUNE—*Vive la Companie.*

Come join in the shout, for the land we love best,
 Hurra for our own native land !

Our Washington made us the noble bequest—

Hurra for our own native land,
 We'll show to the world what the Natives can do,
 The work we've begun we'll carry quite through ;
 And the good of our country keep ever in view ;
 Hurra for our own native land !

Come join in the shout for our country's flag,

Hurra for our own native land ;
 It in triumph shall wave o'er each valley and crag ;
 Hurra for our own native land !
 We'll show to the world, &c.

Come join in defence of the best of all books,

Hurra for our own native land !
 And heed not the Pope, with his nods and his looks ;
 Hurra for our own native land !
 We'll show to the world, &c.

For our laws and our liberties, we have no fears,
 Hurra for our own native land !

When foreigners learn them in twenty-one years ;
 Hurra for our own native land !
 We'll show to the world, &c.

OLD BILL JOHNSTON.

TUNE—*Yankee Doodle.*

Old Bill Johnston's come to town,
Don't you hear the thunder—
The Loco's props are falling down,
So Workies get from under !
So Workies, tho' deceived before
Now we cannot blunder,
Johnston, Taylor and Fillmore,
That's true Yankee thunder.

He would keep our looms a-going
At the best of prices,
And not hot and cold be blowing,
With Cass and Polk devices.
So Workies, &c.

Up Miners, now, from under ground,
And listen but a minute,
For when you hear his voice but sound,
You'll find there's something in it.
So Workies, &c.

He would keep you all employed
But ten hours a-day too,
And not have your strength destroyed
With a pauper's pay too.
So Workies, &c.

He would keep our coal a-burning,
And furnaces protected,
By all imported iron spurning
And make our own respected.
So Workies, &c.

Farmers, he has held the plough
 And knows well how to guide it,
 And all your pockets he would "sow"
 So full you couldn't abide it.
 So Workies, &c.

He wants every working man
 To be paid for his toil too,
 And this the motto of his plan,
 "Depend on your own soil too."
 So Workies, &c.

He's for the Tariff of '42
 And not like Kane and Dallas,
 And what he says he'll surely do,
 Unlike that two-faced——Cass.
 So Workies, &c.

BEGONE OLD CASS.

TUNE—*Begone Dull care.*

Begone Old Cass, 'tis time you were going away,
 Begone Old Cass, up Salt River, while it is day,
 Long time it has been known our 'Tariff' you did kill,
 Begone Old Cass, no more you shall have your own will,
 Too much Cass will drive home industry away,
 Too much Cass will cause our mechanics to play;
 So we will work and we will sing,
 Against Old "Extra Pay;"
 For we cannot vote for such a thing,
 While Zach. is in the way.
 Away, away, away, away,
 Away, Old Extra Pay,
 We cannot vote, &c.

Begone Old Cass 'tis no use here to stay—
 Begone Old Cass, 'twill never do to say nay ;
 For we cannot go Free Trade, no, that we never will,
 Begone Old Cass, it is too bitter a pill.
 Too much Cass will give us a shilling a day,
 Too much Cass will our dearest rights betray.
 So we will work and we will sing,
 Against " Old Extra Pay ;"
 We cannot vote for such a thing
 While Zach. is in the way.
 Away, away, away, away !
 Away, Old Extra Pay,
 We cannot vote, &c.

OUR HARRY, THE STAR OF THE WEST.

TUNE—*Star Spangled Banner.*

Hurrah for our Harry, the pride of the West,
 Whom the People now hail—the greatest and best,
 A patriot ne'er wavering—his heart true as steel,
 In youth and in age he has guided the wheel ;
 The glance of his eye,
 Illumines our sky,
 In defence of our rights, he will conquer or die,
 Then long may he live, the greatest and best,
 Our true hearted Harry, the Star of the West.

When war's dread alarm swept over our land,
 In the Nation's wise Councils, erect see him stand,
 " Though Britian invades us, we have beat her before,
 And can do it again, on sea and on shore—"
 On ! On ! is his cry,
 As the battle draws nigh,
 There is none but a coward would falter or fly,
 Then long may he live, the greatest and best,
 Our true hearted Harry, the Star of the West.

"Though to search all our vessels, her tyrant commands
 Let us teach her that freemen resist such demands,
 While our flag floats aloft, our tars it shall save,
 With them it must triumph—or sink in the wave—."

For glory's their aim,
 They fight for a name

That never was tarnished with oppression or shame ;
 Then long may he live, the greatest and best,
 Our true hearted Harry, the Star of the West.

The timid may falter, Tories tarnish our name,
 And our glory be sullied, in base, selfish aim,
 But the greater the danger—the greater our might,
 Our motto,—“ Our country in wrong or in right ;”

It is Liberty's home,
 Where no tyrant must come

And the free and unshackled, forever shall roam :
 Then long may he live, the greatest and best,
 Our true hearted Harry, the Star of the West.

In Peace, Home Industry and the Tariff his care,
 'Tis his will, our Mechanics Protection should share,
 No despot's vile slaves, on a foreign soil fed,
 Shall rob his own kindred of Labor and Bread ;

Their cause he'll defend,
 To their wants he'll attend,

In him they'll never find aught but a friend ;
 Then long may he live, the greatest and best, &c.

At Ashland once more, he's returned to the plough,
 With Fame's brightest trophies entwined on his brow,
 The Archives of the Nation his virtues proclaim,
 And the blessings of thousands now honor his name ;

Till life's current shall fail,
 Those virtues we'll hail,

And they shall re-echo o'er hill and o'er dale ;
 Then long may he live, the greatest and best, &c.

COME BOYS AND RALLY ONCE AGAIN.

TUNE—*A Wet Sheet.*

Come boys and rally once again,
 You now are on the track,
 Let's go to work with might and main,
 And put in honest Zach.
 Come all and lend a helping hand,
 As you have done before,
 Come all who love our happy land,
 Our Taylor and Fillmore.
 Then come and help the work along,
 Let no one keep away,
 Come join the Rough and Ready throng,
 And throw "Old Extra Pay."

Come all you hardy sons of toil,
 On you must fall the blow,
 Unless you lend a hand to spoil
 The work of Cass your foe :
 His Slavery Banner and Free Trade
 Is floating on the wind—
 He'd sink us to the lowest grade,
 Our very life blood grind.
 Then come, &c.

We do not wish like brutes to live,
 That perish on the soil,
 When industry and worth should give,
 Sufficient for our toil ;
 We're not like slaves that basely kneel
 Upon a foreign shore,
 Who hunger's pangs do often feel,
 And dare not ask for more.
 Then come, &c.

For we have wives and children dear,
 For them we nobly crave,
 We would not have them shed a tear
 For comforts they should have:
 We know our strength must surely fail,
 As we are growing old,
 And shall we realize the tale
 Want does to us unfold?
 Then come, &c.

No, never let it thus be said—
 Let's show what we can do,
 And manfully put forth our aid
 For the "Tariff of Forty-two;"
 Let's put it out of Cass's power
 To harm us any more,
 And pledge ourselves this very hour
 For Taylor and Fillmore.
 Then come and help the work along,
 Let no one keep away,
 Come join the Rough and Ready throng,
 And throw old Extra Pay.

OLD ROUGH AND READY OF THE LINE.

TUNE—*Dandy Jim.*

I heard it said some time ago,
 By Democrats that always know—
 A certain man was bound to shine,
 Old Rough and Ready of the Line.
 All the people tell me, oh,
 For Rough and Ready they do go;
 He is the man that's bound to shine,
 Old Rough and Ready of the Line.

Now they talk of Lewis Cass,
 But he is quite too full of Gas—
 His position we can't define
 Like Rough and Ready's of the Line.
 All the people, &c.

The General tells you like a man,
 He's bound to follow the best plan,
 What Congress doth resolve to do,
 He for the same is bound to go.
 All the people, &c.

He's not afraid to write a letter,
 That you may know him all the better,
 He'll never say there's too much noise
 Made by the Gals or the B'hoys.
 All the people, &c.

Already too, he has confest
 He'll clear the rivers of the West,
 That trade and safety may revive,
 Then all can travel home alive.
 All the people, &c.

He will not make himself a thing,
 And bow like Cass unto a king ;
 But he will always do what's right,
 And keep our country out of fight.
 All the people, &c.

And all the soil that now is free,
 He ever would have thus to be ;
 And for the working poor man's sake,
 Prefer the goods that we can make.
 All the people tell me, oh,
 For Rough and Ready they do go ;
 He is the man that's bound to shine,
 Old Rough and Ready of the Line.

WHAT HAS CAUSED THIS AGITATION?

TUNE—*What has caused this great commotion.*

What has caused this agitation, 'tation, 'tation,
And set O'Connell agonizin'?

It is the ball a rolling on

To change the five years naturalizin,'

To change the five years naturalizin,'

We can then control the foreign clan, clan, clan,

Oh, yes we can,

We can then control the foreign clan.

See the Democrats, 'crats, 'crats, 'crats,
Their schemes divisin'

To stop the ball from rolling on,

To change the five years naturalizin,'

To change the five years naturalizin,'

We can then control, &c.

The Whigs they are alarmed, 'larmed, 'larmed,
'Tis to them surprisin,'

To see the ball that is rolling on,

To change the five years naturalizin,'

To change the five years naturalizin,'

We can then control, &c.

Mechanics, Laborers, Merchants; Farmers, Far-
mers,

For us are risin'

To aid the ball that is rolling on

To change the five years naturalizin,'

To change the five years naturalizin,'

We can then control, &c.

Woman, Heaven's fairest gift, gift, gift,
 Our cause is prizin,'
 They will help the ball that is rolling on,
 To change the five years naturalizin,'
 To change the five years naturalizin,'
 We can then control, &c.

Come gallant natives, rally, rally, rally,
 Against the foreign pison,
 And keep the ball a rolling on,
 And change the five years naturalizin,'
 And change the five years naturalizin,'
 We can then control, &c.

UP TAYLOR MEN.

Up Taylor men, enjoy yourselves,
 The battle's fought and won,
 And now let's have a jolly time,
 A time of mirth and fun.
 We showed them every chance, my boys,
 And so did "Uncle Sam,"
 For while they robbed the "Treasury,"
 He looked on like a clam.
 We threw them off the track, my boys,
 We did not like their man,
 Old Cass we gave "the sack" my boys,
 And a pass to Michigan.

They had their "lying" documents,
 And lots of Extra Pay,
 The "Mails" to tote them all around,
 Both nigh and far away.

With hosts of "hangers on," my boys,
 The Vultures of the Camp,
 Who did the Party's dirty work,
 As they kept on the tramp.
 We threw them off, &c.

We've had a noble time, my boys,
 They've seen what we can do,
 We always will be conquerors—
 With "Rough and Ready" too.
 We've sent them up "Salt River," boys,
 On board of the "Free Trade,"
 Old Cass has got command, my boys,
 With Butler for his aid.
 We threw them off, &c.

And Pillow leads the band, my boys,
 He is the chap for wind—
 Old "Casting Vote" has joined the throng,
 Some "Marcy" for to find;
 And Humbug Walker's there, my boys,
 With his "Sub-treasury Egg,"
 That hatched the British Tariff, boys,
 To make the workies beg.
 We threw them off, &c.

Jim Polk has got his Pass, my boys,
 So has the little Fox,
 They also have for company
 Their used up chicken cocks.
 Let's wish them this good luck, my boys,
 That they may ne'er come back,
 The country has no need of them,
 Now she has honest "Zach."
 We threw them off, &c.

THE WHIGS ARE ON THEIR WINDING WAY.

TUNE—*We see them on their Winding Way.*

The Whigs are on their winding way,
 They come to honor Henry Clay,
 Their happy looks and bearing high,
 Join with their shouts for victory.
 Their waving banners beaming bright,
 Were ever foremost in the fight,
 Their country calls—they haste away
 To join their leader, Henry Clay.
 Hark ! the burden of their song
 Proclaims they are a joyful throng,
 Their voices, as they float on high,
 Are echo'd calmly from the sky ;
 While nature smiles, and seems to say—
 Come on—and honor Henry Clay.

See as they pass in joy along,
 How deep they feel the Nation's wrong,
 Inflicted by a traitor's hand,
 By British gold and Loco band ;
 And as they go, you hear them say
 Your time is short, so—"clear the way !"
 The people in their might are 'risin',
 Led on by Clay and Frelinghuysen !
 Their hearts are true, their cause is just,
 They are the men that we can trust ;
 They've ever been the friends of toil,
 They love the laborers of the soil,
 They are the men, no guile "devisin,"
 We're safe with Clay and Frelinghuysen.

THE DECEIVED LOCO-FOCOS.

TUNE—*Gee up Dobbin.*

We to Baltimore sent you, to play at Van-tune
 To win us a Varmint, that could whip every Coon ;
 You neglected your errant, got in the wrong box,
 And came home with a 'Poke instead of a Fox.

Fly up the Creek Jimmy

“ “ “ “
 “ “ “ “

You poor crippled 'Poke.

You said you'd succeed, by means high or low,
 And that little Van's Rooster triumphant should crow ;
 The White House we wanted, that glorious old pile
 To hide away all we could steal of the spile.

Fly up the Creek Jimmy.

We've dragg'd Hickory poles, through village and town,
 Like a parcel of Asses, “have done ourselves brown ;”
 For the Old Coon is singing at the top of his voice,
 You're fool'd very nice with the man of your choice.

Fly up the Creek Jimmy.

Long time we believed you were true to the test,
 But we mean to forsake you for HAL of the West ;
 You all have proved worthless, deceitful and vain,
 So we'll go for the Tariff good wages to gain.

So come along Harry,

“ “ “ “
 “ “ “ “

You nimble Old Coon.

For our pockets got empty, and our stomach's also ;
 To use us any longer, you'll find a " no go ;
 We see through your tricks, your hearts are all callous,
 We're not to be gull'd by your Polk and your Dallas.
 So come along Harry.

Now all you false Leaders, we bid you adieu,
 The "Mill Boy of the Slashes, we'll hence keep in view
 With Frelinghuysen we'll scatter" your lies to the fogs
 And kill off your Foxes, your 'Pokes and Whole Hogs.
 So come along Harry.

COME HONOR OLD ZACH.

TUNE—*Star Spangled Banner.*

O, do you not hear in the South and the West
 The name of the Hero and Patriot resounding—
 In the East and the North it is equally blest,
 With the chaplet of Fame its glory surrounding ?
 Like the breaking of day
 It sheds a bright ray,
 And echo's shrill voice in triumph doth say,
 Come honor Old Zach. whose head has grown
 While serving his country in years past away.

From Ambition free, behold him now stand,
 No thought of Disunion his bosom engaging,
 He fought for our flag, with the Olive in hand,
 The carnage of war and of battle assuaging.
 In peace or in fray
 He ne'er did betray ;
 Then let Echo's shrill voice in triumph still say, .
 Come honor Old Zach. whose head has grown gray
 While serving his country in years past away.

Though slander's vile tongue may its falsehoods display,
With all that is venal his good name investing,
Like their author's foul breath they will sink in decay,
On their own servile souls 'twill for ever be resting;
All their envious array
Fades unheeded away,
And Echo's shrill voice in triumph shall say,
Come honor Old Zach, whose head has grown gray
While serving his country in years past away.

PART III.

Miscellaneous.

TO THE SAND SPANIARDS.

Have you heard of the “broom corn” cottage ?

’Tis put the whole town in a pickle ;
It cost a mighty big mess of pottage —
As a Scotchman would say, quite a *mickle*.

’Tis built just outside of the city,
In the midst of a wide sandy plain,
Where the katydid sings his love ditty,
And the grass-hopper chirrups in vain.

A typo, he acted as builder and architect,
Who knew how to drive home a spike ;
With him it was nothing or neck,
For he went with a jerk and a huyck !

From the corner stone unto the lobby,
Steam engines, types, presses, and history min-
gles ;
But ’tis a great “universal genius” hobby,
Whose brain with gumption continually jingles.

'Tis there will come off that cow-tillion,
 Dedicated, 'tis said, to a "floury big ham ;"
 The way it will take with the million
 Would be death to a poor old clam.

And there is our "Clara's" neat garden spade,
 Her dear little feet it won't soil,
 While refreshed with a cup of cool lemonade,
 That flows down her throat like sweet oil.

THE MYSTERIOUS LOOM.

TUNE—*Star Spangled Banner.*

Oh say have you heard of the mysterious loom,
 In which the famed, "*Jarsey Sasuage*" is wove,
 Which is work'd in some dark greasy room,
 The family heir-loom,—a token of love.
 The "*sausage meat*" nice,
 Is gone in a trice,
 Producing a "*link*" that will hunger suffice,
 Then here's to that "*loom*," whose work when begun,
 Uses up the poor *porkers*, Father, Mother and Son.

Then here is the *cheese*, that is made of *hogsheads*,
 And *scrapple* of jelly and fine Indian Meal,
 A smile o'er the face of the *weaver* it sheds,
 No pain for his victims he ever does feel.
 Nor thinks of the slain,
 Who his warp doth maintain,
 He has but one object, a living to gain.
 Then here's to that *loom*, whose work when begun,
 Uses up the poor *porkers*, Father, Mother, and Son.

A LIFE ON OLD COOPER'S CREEK.

TUNE—*A life on the ocean wave.*

A life on old Cooper's Creek,
 In its mud so rich and rare,
 Where the Musk-rat long and sleek
 Is revelling free from care.
 With a gallant hook and line,
 And fat salt pork for bait,
 Some fierce old Snapper be mine
 Caught out from home too late.
 A life, &c.

Oh ! give me the Blood-a-nouns,
 With his melodious cry,
 As he shakes his tail and frowns,
 And into the stream does hie ;
 With the good old Water snake,
 The smooth and comely Eel,
 With laughter my sides I'd shake,
 As off his skin I peel.
 A life, &c.

On a summer day so hot,
 When the 'poke flies up the creek,
 Soon, soon I'll give him a shot,
 That 'twill make the varmint squeak.
 I love to lie down and rest,
 Where the *Musketer* breeds,
 And think how greatly I'm blest,
 'Midst *Splatter-dock*, *Mud* and *Reeds*.
 A life, &c.

THE CAMDEN GIRLS.

The Camden girls! the Camden girls!

Their forms would Hebe grace,
With sparkling eyes, and flowing curls
That cluster round their face.

Their rosy lips, their dimpled cheeks,
And teeth like ivory white,
A heart that's true within, bespeaks
A gem of pure delight.

Go where I will, beneath the sky,
I see their presence still,
Memory paints them to the eye,
No matter what the will;
As they are formed for deeds of love,
Who can their charms despise,
An "Anchorite" he, that nought can move,
To Love's realities.

A boon to cheer a peaceful home,
With happiness divine,
Unknown to those who single roam,
And who in grief repine;
The Camden girls! the Camden girls!
Their forms would Hebe grace,
With sparkling eyes, and flowing curls
That cluster round their face.

 THE ODD FELLOW.

'Twas in Eden's lovely garden,
Where fruit was ripe and mellow,
Before hearts began to harden:
Lived Adam, an "ODD FELLOW."

As he walked therein alone,
 The sole monarch of the land,
 He saw all nature was his "THRONE,"
 And he her "NOBLE GRAND."

But he felt so queer and ODD,
 In his sad and lonely state ;
 That a wise and loving God,
 Prepared for him a mate.

'Twas then a Working Lodge began,
 That lengthened out our "CHAIN,"
 And Old Adam was the man
 Who the first "DEGREE" did gain.

Now to all the world is told,
 Whence the ODD FELLOWS sprung,
 And the *three links* of their fold
 To which they since have clung.

A LIFE ON THE JERSEY SHORE.

TUNE—A *Life on the Ocean Wave*.

A life on the Jersey shore,
 Just by the river side,
 Where the noisy steam does rear,
 And ferry boats safely glide.
 On Camden's lovely sand,
 My feet from toil repose,
 Like a *Spaniard* I proudly stand
 Nor heed the tide that flows.
 A life on the Jersey shore,
 Free from care and fear,
 Where "*Sasagens*" famed of lore,
 And "*Pork*" is held most dear,
 And Pork, and Pork, &c.

A life on the Jersey shore,
 'Midst the luxuriant "*truck*,"
 With money enough, and more,
 And the *biggest* kind of "*luck*."
 There grows the "*Hogshead*" cheese,
 And "*scraffle*" that charming dish,
 All sorrow I throw to the breeze,
 And live like a Cat-fish.

A life on the Jersey shore,
 Free from care and fear,
 Where "*Sasagens*" famed of lore,
 And "*Pork*" is held most dear.
 And Pork, and Pork, &c.

CAMDEN LYRICS.

Come all you noble Camdonian's
 And listen to my ditty,
 All about the "Council Fathers,"
 Of your renowned city.

'Tradition says some years ago,
 They passed a "*Resolution*,"
 That they'd amend the *public ways*,
 'Then ask for "*Absolution*."

They found them high and sometimes low,
 Just as each body minded,
 Some said, that Mayor nor Council knew,
 How they were designed.

Some said that men and women's lives,
 Had up's and down's too in 'em;
 That was the way the walks should be,
 For those who had to *spin* 'em.

They passed a flaming "Resolution,"
 The people all *should* do it ;
 The poor were scared, and did comply,
 The *rich* ones did eschew it.

They owned so much of *City* land,
 And were obliged to *farm* it,
 Because they knew 'twas getting rich
 Without a Tax to harm it.

And then they ask'd to be excused,
 They were not like the *poor* man,
 For he only had a *little* lot
 Of all the City's ground plan.

While the 'Ooper's, 'Arman's and 'Arris's,
 Where both rich and mighty,
 And therefore they excused them,
 For fear they might be spitey.

Then they moved we should have crossings
 On stones put below ground,
 For what right had this generation,
 To wear them out one pound ?

Now and then they get an old man,
 With a plow and harrow,
 And a boy with a horse and cart,
 With a shovel and a barrow.

Who go from the River to the Woods,
 A gleaning off the *highway*,
 Making holes to be again filled up,
 To aid some private *By-way*.

And they are so very saving,
 They won't afford a school;
 So they cheat old "Education,"
 By some *Ignoramus* rule.

Thinking the people are such asses,
 Compared with *them*, their betters,
 They're only fit to draw and *hew*,
 And have no use for letters.

They do things so nice and quiet,
 From the time they're selected,
 They cannot tell you what's been done,
 Yet ask to be re-elected.

There is some *wise ones* in the tribe,
 Who see things very plain,
 And when they made a great mistake,
 Pay and "*Plug*" it up again.

'Tis time we had put them out,
 By a new City Charter,
 And then put in some better men,
 Who know what they are *arter*.

Let us forget awhile the *Pork*,
 For our ways and manners,
 And 'till Summer, leave the *Truck*,
 We'll be the better planners.

Let's do our duty to the City,
 Spite of the "Old Hunkers,"
 It can never thrive nor go ahead,
 Under such *Old Flunkers*.

Let us make the landed lords,
 Submit to *equal* measures,
 And we soon shall see our efforts,
 Adding to our pleasures.

And if these purse proud *critters*,
 Won't do the Councils orders,
 Why put the Sheriff on their backs,
 And clip some off their borders.

CAMDEN ASSURANCE.

Good folks you do well remember—
 Which I hope you'll not repent,
 That one day in last November,
 You made "Old Zach." President.

Then come share with me the news,
 Which I'll give to you on trust,
 A *Supper* shall employ my muse,
 For the "Whig Upper Crust."

They said it would be very nice,
 For those with good apparel,
 So they did meet to take advice,
 And soon began to quarrel.

Up jumps "*Pine Plank*" in a passion,
 And gave old Shylock's squeal,
 Saying he'd sooner *sup* on *shaven* rations
 Than not have it quite genteel.

Good Boniface said he'd prepare,
 To please each fastidious guest,
 And among the viands rich and rare,
 Should be sausages—the best.

Then *Parchment* flourished a brief,
 Saying *sassengers* he'd had plenty—
 'They never gave him much relief,
 'Tho' his stomach should be empty.

You're right, my dear, says *Gary Pat*,
 'They have got great assurance,
 I'll make a bet of my "ole hat,"
 'They'll smell—past all endurance !

We won't have *sassengers*, good *Boniface*,
 We will, says *Sour Sam*,
 For they are just the things for grace,
 I'm fond of *sassengers*—I am !

Hark ! who is coming up the stairs ?
 I think it's the *Old Hoss* ;
 In manners he's a grizzly bear,
 He smells like some "leather boss."

He is not fit to come in here,
 With old coat on his shoulder,
 From him we've nothing now to fear—
 He's no longer a "*Free Holder*."

Then *Logwood* spoke : and thus did say—
 Let's keep out the common herd,
 The *Bullgine* speaks, get out of the way,
 Or you'll sweat—upon my word.

Decanter next essayed to speak,
 The tumblers joined in chorus,
 Oh ! fill your mouths or we shall break,
 For the good stuff now before us.

Old *Timber Wood* sent forth a blast,
 Uprising like a breaker ;
 The way he talked was mighty fast,
 Much unlike a sober Quaker.

There also was a little chip,
 Left by a good Old Cooper,
 Old Satan he could give the slip,
 And was no touch to *Wooly Hooper*.

The good *Old Shad*, he winked his eye,
 He's never been suspected,
 And tho' he looks a little shy,
 What more's to be expected ?

And there was Prince Congress Hay,
 Who ne'er at trifles winces,
 Tho' in a *Glass House* stowed away,
 Like one of *Jarsey's Princes*.

And there was also Long Jim,
 As lanky as a flute,
 When Parchment's taken with a whim,
 Jim is his substitute.

Also, among these mighty men,
 Was one, I think you know him,
 By some called *Old Delaware Ben*,
 Keep dark, and do not blow him.

La ! La ! and *Manilla*, too, was there,
 He drives ahead by steam,
 Too old a Fox for any snare,
 But great on cakes and cream !

A blade there was, devoid of rust,
 Descended from a Knight—
 Called Thomas Hudley Dry-as-dust,
 Great in a talk or fight.

The man with half a yard of swallow,
 Was there in all his glory,
 Whose shirt doth boast a collar
 With first and second story.

For fear there should be a disaster,
 Your pardon now I'll beg,
 They were prepared with a *Shinplaster*,
 For broken shin or leg.

And now I have told you the story
 You'll say that it "*is some*,"
 All talk composed the glory,
 But the Supper,—*couldn't come* !

ADDRESS OF LETTERS.

Come Uncle Sam, gear up your hack,
 I want you for to go
 To my friend Michael Louderback,
 In Cincinnati, Ohio.

Come Uncle Sam just get your tacks on,
 Be nimble on your feet,
 And take this to Isaiah Faxon,
 In Boston, Salem Street.

THE SLAVE.

Am I not a man? Have I not a soul? Where in God's Holy Book am I excluded from humanity, or placed amongst the brutes that perish? Where in that blessed volume am I doomed because of my skin to become a chattel, yea to be bought and sold, as the produce of that soil, which has been watered by my brow with its sweat wrung from it by unrequited labor? I would ask, where in all the written will of Jehovah, man obtains a right to sell my offspring, or to perpetuate their parent's bondage? Are they like the fruit of the forest tree that they may be taken to a market and sold? Where in all the acts of the Almighty has man these privileges conferred upon him, and who can deny him from generation to generation the pursuit of happiness or liberty? God never authorized these things. They are the work of man; 'tis he who acts the part of a demon and revels on the bones and sinews of our race; and worse than all he is an American, who boasts of the Declaration of Independence, that declares all men to be born free and equal, endowed too with certain unalienable rights. Why this mockery? either let it say "all white men," or let the poor African receive equal justice. Nearly all the world have ceased to traffic in human flesh, then why this boasted land of freedom refuse? 'tis time that we should.

CONTRAST.

Who should hesitate to decide between the service of Jehovah and Satan? Why should one moment be required in a matter so plain? Look but around at the followers of each; behold the people of God mildly assembling themselves together, to worship their Maker in the beauty of holiness; using all earthly means to alleviate suffering humanity, robbing want of its sorrows wherever it rears its gaunt form; inculcating peace and good-will in every clime; spreading the Redeemer's blessed tidings of Salvation from pole to pole; comforting the afflicted, pouring the balm of consolation into the widow and the orphan's heart, weeping with those that weep, mourning with those that mourn. On the other hand, we find the followers of Satan congregating in haunts of infamy, revelling in all the attributes of vice, blasphemy, lasciviousness, profanity. Hate is seen flashing in their eyes, destruction is in their hearts and crime attends their footsteps, wretchedness and misery follow in the train. This is but a faint contrast of their reality here, where they have an end: what will be their magnitude in eternity? Mind cannot conceive or imagination picture. All the vileness that ever existed

will be gathered together in one vast vortex ; all those most exalted in sin, all those who have marred the happiness of the world, all those who have deluged its fair fields with blood and carnage, and caused millions of widows and orphans to mourn ; parricides, fratricides, manslayers, with a host of vices that the heart dare not conceive, 'tis impossible to color the scene with all its horrors and hideousness. And then to feel assured by the word of the Eternal Jehovah that there shall be no end, no not for one moment to be a cessation of awful oaths, imprecations, of violence and confusion, with weeping and gnashing of teeth ; how then can man ponder to choose whom he shall serve, God or Satan ? Vast is the contrast ! he that will not choose is wedded to his idols, and a few short years will deprive him of the opportunity to do so. Then, oh sinful mortal ! fly to the footsteps of thy Saviour and beg of Him to give you the power to decide on a life of righteousness. Let thy cry be, Lord save or I perish, leave me not to fall into an abyss of such unutterable woe. Do this and He will never leave nor forsake thee.





